



## Britons awake! This trial isn't about me, it's about all of us

They came from far and wide in defiance of this latest assault on our freedoms. From Lancashire, Liverpool, Scotland and all the way from Canada – thank you Mr Fromm! The media coverage was glorious – mostly down to so many turning up in support, me being handed flowers outside court and general media astonishment at my songs being played in court. And no, I certainly did not sing along – nor did I mouth the words. Where this fake news originated I have no idea – perhaps a reaction to my song Find Me Guilty? In

particular, the line:

“I’ll sing my way to court in high heels and a frock”

Give the press a winning smile from inside the dock!

After the day’s proceedings, – my trial now bizarrely adjourned (again) to March 7th – I fell ill with food poisoning and had to be ushered into a taxi (my high heels thankfully not ruined). A sickly night followed and I’m still not 100%. That’ll teach me not to eat fresh Shetland mussels (one of which clearly wasn’t that fresh) the night before a court hearing.

The next morning, I awoke to a 30-day Facebook ban (for publishing a fake news post, clearly tagged as #fakenews) and 60 emails from YouTube informing that my entire library was now subject to sandboxing restrictions. My channel still exists, but no longer appears in searches either on Google or

on YouTube. In any case, over half my videos are banned in the UK in order to comply with some non-existent local law. Clearly, my accusers and their team of trusted flaggers have been very busy. Still, 4.5k views on Facebook of my little Christmas ditty won’t please them.

Asides all the mainstream coverage, there have been several alternative media broadcasts. Two of The Fetch’s recent Inside the Eye Live! shows have featured segments on my case, including last Thursday’s Oy Vey Moment (worth a listen just for the jingle – from about 34 minutes in). Dennis’ second show features an interview with Ross who came to support me last Wednesday, also well worth a listen, from about 80 minutes in. Ditto regards last night’s Radio Aryan edition of The Daily Nationalist with Sven Longshanks and Jez Turner.

This coming Thursday, you’ll be able to hear me in conversation with Andrew Carrington Hitchcock on Euro Folk Radio (recorded a few days before last week’s court appearance but a great show nonetheless) and next Monday, I’ll be the featured guest on the Graham Hart show when, if all goes well, you’ll be able to hear one or two of my songs.

Once again, HUGE thanks to those who came in support last Wednesday. As the title of this piece confirms – my trial is not about me, it’s about us all. See you March 7th, same time same place.

***If you would like to support Alison, visit her website [alisonchabloz.wordpress.com](http://alisonchabloz.wordpress.com) where you will find links to PayPal and BitCoin.***

Comments, likes and shares are of course also welcome. You can also find Alison on Gab, and on her new Facebook backup account.

(Reprinted With acknowledgments to Alison’s website and circular which we have reprinted here)



## MEMOIRS OF A STREET SOLDIER



**A life in White  
Nationalism**

*By Eddy Morrison*

## EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.....

Yes its that time of the week again with a new thrilling edition of WHITE VOICE - again with 8 pages.

I do try and get them out each week but odd times it will be maybe ten days. It all depends on articles and information being waited on.

I freely admit that WHITE VOICE does use articles from other White Nationalist Websites BUT all of these have been sent to me at one time or another for possible inclusion.

I regret I cannot publish them all as eight pages is my limit - try it - it's not easy.

Once again I have to thank Ulster Dawn on an excellent article about Zionist influence in Northern Ireland. We need more correspondents - more letters - more submissions - but no donations as I've given up eating.

I must apologise in advance to Julie who organises the South-West Forum. They have a meeting on the 27<sup>th</sup> (see back page) but I cannot for the life of me find the contact details. Hopefully I will have them for next week's issue.

The latest January/February issue of **HERITAGE AND DESTINY** is now out and every thinking White Nationalist needs to subscribe to this bi-monthly, especially as I have a great article on 'Nationalism and Poetry' in the latest issue ("modesty is a debilitating quality" - AH). A quick search on the Net will bring up the H&D website.

Speaking of Nationalist Poetry, I came across this in my voluminous Tome of my own poetry. I don't think its been published before, apart from the 'Rothwell Advertiser' which carried it on the 70<sup>th</sup> Anniversary of the Battle of The Somme...

### **Hung on the Wire**

**(to a casualty of the Somme - July 1916)**

**Can they understand you now Grandfather?  
Can they ever understand a corpse that's dust?  
How can they understand,  
seven decades come and gone,  
and you Grandfather - hanging on the rust?**

**Can they understand a life that's given?  
Can they ever know what you'd become?  
Of a battle nearly won  
finished by a Mauser gun  
In a crater, drawing shell-fire, on the Somme?**

**Did you play where I play dear Grandfather?  
Did you kick a can out in the street?  
Now the cans become a ball  
I'm your Grandson growing tall  
and you are dead and we will never meet...**

*Edmond Morrison (1986)*



**He died -  
FOR  
WHAT?**

## How Hitler Triumphed Over The Bankers

When Hitler came to power, Germany was completely and hopelessly broke. The Treaty of Versailles had imposed crushing reparation payments on the German people, who were expected to reimburse the costs of the first world war for all participants — costs totaling three times the value of all the property in the country.. People were living in hovels and starving.

Nothing quite like it had ever happened before - the total destruction of the national currency, wiping out people's savings, their businesses, and the economy generally. Making matters worse, at the end of the decade global depression hit. Germany had no choice but to succumb to debt slavery to international lenders.

Or so it seemed. Hitler and the National Socialists, who came to power in 1933, thwarted the international banking cartel by issuing their own money. In this they took their cue from Abraham Lincoln, who funded the American Civil War with government-issued paper money called "Greenbacks."



***Hitler with Hjalmar Schacht***

Britain also issued interest free money in 1914, at the start of the first world war. The new currency was called the Bradbury note. This new currency had been issued by the State, was backed by the credit of the State, and was issued to the banks to prevent the banks from utter collapse.

Hitler began his national credit program by devising a plan of public works. Projects earmarked for funding included flood control, repair of public buildings and private residences, and construction of new buildings, roads, bridges, canals, and port facilities. The projected cost of the various programs was fixed at one billion units of the national currency.

One billion non-inflationary bills of exchange, called Labour Treasury Certificates, were then issued against this cost. Millions of people were put to work on these projects, and the workers were paid with the Treasury Certificates. This government-issued money wasn't backed by gold, but it was backed by something of real value. It was essentially a receipt for labour and materials delivered to the government. Hitler said, "for every mark that was issued we required the equivalent of a mark's worth of work done or goods produced." The workers then spent the Certificates on other goods and services, creating more jobs for more people.

Within two years, the unemployment problem had been solved and the country was back on its feet. It had a solid, stable currency, no debt, and no inflation, at a time when millions of people in the United States and other Western countries were still out of work and living on welfare. Germany even managed to restore foreign trade, although it was denied foreign credit and was faced with an economic boycott abroad. It did this by using a barter system: equipment and commodities were exchanged directly with other countries, circumventing the international banks. This system of direct exchange occurred without debt and without trade deficits.

Germany's economic experiment, like Lincoln's, was short-lived; but it left some lasting monuments to its success, including the famous Autobahn, the world's first extensive superhighway.

Hjalmar Schacht, who was then head of the German central bank, is quoted in a bit of wit that sums up the German version of the "Greenback" miracle. An American banker had commented, "Dr. Schacht, you should come to America. We've lots of money and that's real banking." Schacht replied, "You should come to Berlin. We don't have money. That's real banking."

In *Billions for the Bankers, Debts for the People* (1984), Sheldon Emry commented: Germany issued debt-free and interest-free money from 1935 and on, accounting for its startling rise from the depression to a world power in 5 years. Germany financed its entire government and war operation from 1935 to 1945 without gold and without debt, and it took the whole Capitalist and Communist world to destroy the German power over Europe and bring Europe back under the heel of the Bankers. Such history of money does not even appear in the textbooks of public (government) schools today.

According to Schacht, then, not only did the government not cause the Weimar hyperinflation, but it was the government that got it under control. The Reichsbank was put under strict government regulation, and prompt corrective measures were taken to eliminate foreign speculation, by eliminating easy access to loans of bank-created money. Hitler then got the country back on its feet with his Treasury Certificates issued Greenback-style by the government.

**At the time of the Twelfth century, in merry old England, the people had a surplus of woollen clothing. Food and all necessities of life-----And then the bankers moved in.**

*(With acknowledgements to the British Guardian Blogspot)*



## Species is a social construct.

After a decade of failing to inculcate any sense of deference, discipline or obedience in my Labrador Retriever "Barney," I have beaten myself up with self-reproach. His failure, I reckoned, was a reflection of my failure. The failure to guide and mentor him as I should have, so that he could take his place as a responsible citizen of the neighbourhood.

But now I realize that this was hope was founded on a false patriarchal paradigm. You see, I had always assumed that his was a subordinate species, and that I was charged by nature to manage and direct him. His subservience was genetically ordained, as was my oppressive and controlling behaviour. In retrospect, however, I can see that his persistently recalcitrant attitude was an understandable rebellion against an arbitrary and socially constructed division of labour that served my interests, not his.



Of course, the arrogant belief that it was my mandate to lead and his to follow was not necessarily inspired by malicious motives. Indeed, I believed that I was doing him a service. According to my reasoning, leadership of what I perceived to be an unruly beast driven by instinct rather than reason was not a privilege of power, but a burden of responsibility.

Barney's job was clear. To obey his master and mind the kitchen. (I must concede that he discharged the latter duty admirably, especially when food was on offer). He was never thought to have the intellectual capacity to make rational decisions, and the idea that he and his species should be accorded the right to vote never even entered my head. Dogs, in my view, do not think as much as they emote. They have the capacity to guard the home but not the nation. The idea that any Prime Minister would reserve half of his cabinet

seats to dogs would seem so fantastic as to be beyond imagination. And the thought that one of these dogs would appear on an American talk show and defend Islam would have seemed outrageous.

How wrong I was! But it was only after I entered university as a mature student that I discovered how wrong and presumptuous I really was. In former days I could have pursued a double major in Math and Economics uninhibited by any requirement to attend introductory courses in political correctness, White male privilege, of diversity awareness and sensitivity. Now, however, it's a different ball game.

This is 2018. Today, any university student who aspires to acquire a degree of any kind must first run the gauntlet of Species Studies courses, where White human males are mercilessly hectorred, badgered and instructed by two-legged canine Alpha females to spend the rest of their lives in a state of permanent contrition and self-loathing. Incorrigibly submissive and malleable to the most absurd directive, and kept on a short leash.

Those male students who prefer to be foolishly defiant and sceptical soon come to understand that if they don't swallow the party line, they will not pass the course. Simple as that. The consequences of taking such a pointless stand would be catastrophic. Their GPA would fall, they would not win scholarships, they would not be hired as tutorial assistants, nor be admitted to graduate school. Coming to this realization in itself would prove to provide a more valuable lesson than anything any professor could teach. Rebellious White male students would soon learn that if they want to climb the ladder, they must parrot Po-Mo jargon and ape their doctrinaire professors. In other words, they must learn to play the game.

If they are lucky, these rehabilitated males will eventually come to believe in their own bullshit. They will have internalised what they were fed and forced to eat in the classroom. After that, the glass ceiling is theirs to hit, and the road to ever increasing social status is wide open. Just so long as they remember to sniff and kiss butt on the way up. After all, it only takes one verbal misstep to destroy a life-time of arduous social-climbing and status-seeking. Endless apologies and humiliating self-deprecation after the fact will not make up for it. It's back to the Gulag for you buddy.

After four years of human male obedience training at Indoctrination University I finally appreciate what Barney has tried to tell me in a non-verbal way for the entirety of his life. DNA is not destiny. It is not about genetic reality — for there is none. Rather, it is about how you perceive yourself. If Barney regards himself as a transgendered, trans-species-d being, then that is what he is. It's about respect. If you have a problem with that then you had better wake up to the New World Order and the progressive post-national state of Canada. Get with the program comrade or to use Hillary Clinton's words, be consigned to the dark regions of the Internet.

Looking back at those ten lost years, I can now realize that Barney never saw himself as my instrument, but as my equal. An autonomous individual who had an inherent right to chase his own dream (a cat) as he sees fit. In refusing to follow the role that I assigned him, he made a statement. One which I am now fully in accord with: Species is a social construct.....

*(With thanks to Tim Murrey, Council of Canadian Europeans)*

# Lighten Up!

**Q: Did you hear about the new tires, Firestein?**

**A: They not only stop on a penny, they also pick it up!**

**Q: What does a Jewish pirate say?**

**A: Ahoy vey!**

**Q: How can you tell if someone is half Catholic and half Jewish?**

**A: When he goes to confession, he takes a lawyer with him.**

**Enough Jewish jokes already...Editor**

**A guy is visiting San Francisco, and walks into a small store in Chinatown.**

**He notices a small bronze statue of a rat.**

**He asks the owner "how much", and the owner replies "\$50 for the bronze rat, and \$1000 for the story behind it."**

**The guy**

**says, "forget the story", and buys the rat.**

**As he's walking down the street he notices two live rats following him. As he continues to walk, more rats start following him.**

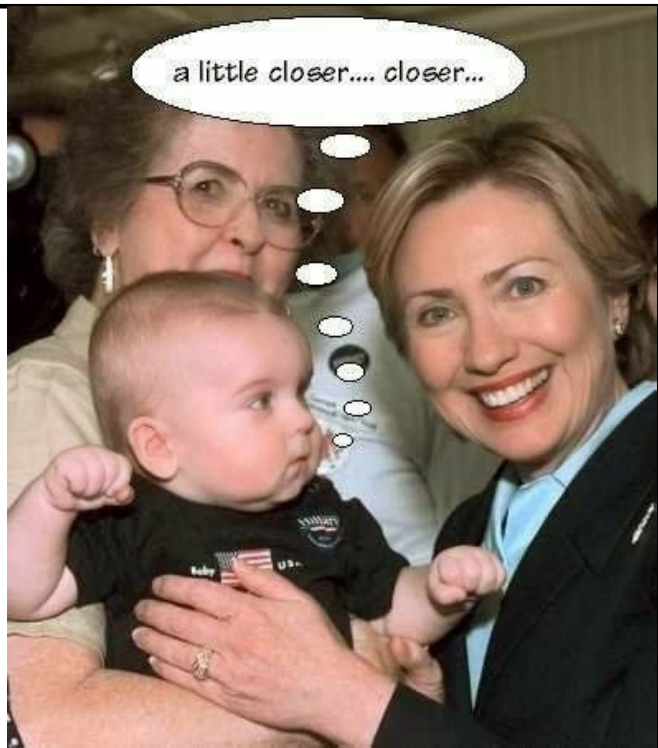
**He starts to get a little concerned, and heads for the waterfront. By the time he gets there there are thousands and thousands of rats following him.**

**He walks up to the end of the pier and throws the bronze rat into the bay, and the rats all follow and leap off of the pier and drown.**

**The guy rushes back to the store and walks in. The owner says, "Ah!, so your back for the story".**

**The guys says, "No, I was wondering if you have any bronze liberals?"**

**A communist joke isn't funny unless everyone gets it.**



**The difference between Democrats and Socialists**



**The difference between Socialists and Communists**



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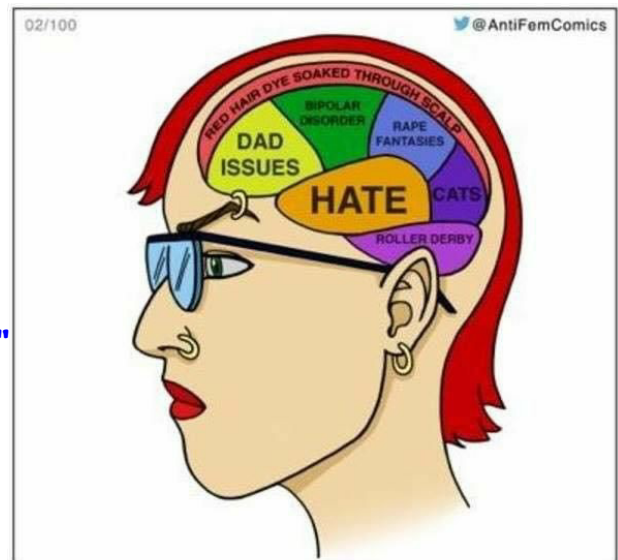
**The difference between socialists and communists.**

**A professor told dirty jokes in class and the women wanted to protest it. So they decided that in the next time that the professor will start with these kind of jokes they all will leave the class as a protest.**

**Somehow the professor heard about the plan.**

**In the next lecture, in the beginning of the lecture he said: "In Sweden a prostitute makes £2000 per night."**

**All the women stood up and started to leave the class. So he shouted after them: "Where are you going? The plane to Sweden doesn't take off until the day after tomorrow."**



**Inside the feminist mind**

## From 'ULSTER DAWN' - White Voice Northern Ireland Correspondent.

For years both the far-left and sections of what you may term the "far right" have sought to prove a link between Ulster loyalism, political or paramilitary with the stolen state of Israel. However propaganda and truth are often very different and sometimes confused.

That republicanism has links to the Islamic world are undeniable and here we're talking not just in propaganda terms, fact is the provisionals enjoyed a "working relationship" with the PLO and its Marxist variant, the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine\_this camaraderie saw the exchange of weaponry, personnel and technology in their respective campaigns. Additionally the PIRA were armed by Gadaffi's Libya who used the Provos as a proxy against Britain.

Politically too there was a meeting of minds as both the Muslim and fenian terrorists adopted the ideology of an internationalist liberation struggle based upon text book Marxism, that the flag of Palestine and latterly the flags of both Hamas and ISIS fly in republican areas as a solidarity gesture with their Muslim comrades saw loyalists return a two fingered gesture by flying the bandit flag of Zionism in response, even the Israeli media were perplexed by this one sided and bizarre gesture from folk who couldn't find it on a map!

There were confused Protestant pastors enjoining the flag erectors in arguing that there was some form of "common cause" between the embattled Unionist community and the Israelis, a sales pitch which fell on deaf ears as frankly Loyalism had its own battles to fight without concerning itself with affairs in the Middle East!



As mentioned in my first article, ( see last issue of White Voice No .23)the Irish government have recently released confidential papers relating to a particularly bloody period of the troubles, it seems that loyalism in the form of the late Ian Paisley did make overtures to the Israeli's diplomatic representative in the Irish Republic to see if arms and munitions could be obtained from that source in defence of Ulster.

Not only were no arms made available, but the aforementioned Zionist diplomat reported the incident

to Eire's security services!

Loyalist, politically, militarily and in theological terms failed to recognise that World Zionism did not view them as brothers, friends or potential allies in the fight against international terror, but as useful fools to kill or be killed by another group of useful fools, and to be replaced by moving in a Third World population which would be the end result of any post conflict agreement and a reality now on the streets of both parts of Ireland as multi-culturalism begins to bite.

To conclude, there is no "link" between Ulster & Israel save for fools bamboozled by the myth of brave little Israel fending of those Islamic terrorists, but like so many myths surrounding the(self) chosen people, another myth laid bare as reality blows away the Semitic smog!

Ulster Dawn



# Keep THAT flag flying!

## Little Giffen

By Francis Orray Ticknor (1822 - 1874)

Out of the focal and foremost fire,  
Out of the hospital walls as dire,  
Smitten of grape-shot and gangrene,  
(Eighteenth battle, and he sixteen!)  
Spectre! Such as you seldom see,  
Little Giffen, of Tennessee.

"Take him- and welcome!" the surgeons  
said;

"Little the doctor can help the dead!"  
So we took him and brought him where  
The balm was sweet in the summer air;  
And we laid him down on a wholesome bed-  
Utter Lazarus, heel to head!

And we watched the war with abated breath-  
Skeleton boy against skeleton death.  
Months of torture, how many such!  
Weary weeks of the stick and crutch;  
And still a glint of the steel-blue eye  
Told of a spirit that wouldn't die.  
And didn't. Nay, more! In death's despite

The crippled skeleton learned to write.  
"Dear Mother," at first, of course; and then  
"Dear Captain," inquiring about the men.  
Captain's answer: "Of eighty-and-five,  
Giffen and I are left alive."

Word of gloom from the war, one day;  
"For Lee is pressed at the front, they say."  
Little Giffen was up and away;  
A tear-his first-as he bade good-by,  
Dimmed the glint of his steel-blue eye.  
"I'll write, if spared!" There was news of the fight;  
But none of Giffen. He did not write.

I sometimes fancy that, were I king  
Of the princely knights of the Golden Ring,  
With the song of the minstrel in mine ear,  
And the tender legend that trembles here,  
I'd give the best on his bended knee,  
The Whitest soul of my chivalry,  
For Little Giffen, of Tennessee.

We're all people, southern at heart, seeing the  
Confederate Battle flag as a work of art.  
Flying and raising it high, and fighting for our  
heritage, so the image will never die. It  
represents great brave men, who stood  
against to fight tyranny and oppression once  
again. Many of those men fought and died,  
while their loved ones stayed behind and only  
cried. Now today it is seen as hate, but many  
don't understand, we fly it for our heritage,  
and our southern pride. Many of you who  
read this, may not be from the south, but yet  
you still support it, and tell others to shut  
their mouth. Many speak bad about our flag,  
say to burn it, it's only a rag, but to that all I  
have to say. Let me catch you burning it, and  
on this earth, it will be your last day.



**'Little Giffen' - Confederate Boy  
Drummer  
Killed at the Spotsylvania Court  
House, Virginia, 1864**

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